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139,262,685
WORLDS were printed and
circulated in 1892.

This is a gain over 1891 of

23,724,860.

The average per day in '92 was

380,499.

A gain per day over 1891 of

63,958.

In 1892 THE WORLD printed

890,975 Adverts.

A gain over 1891 of

107,369 Adverts.

THESE GREAT TOTALS WERE NEVER

BEFORE EQUALLED BY ANY

PAPER PRINTED IN THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE WORLD will not, under any circum-

stances, hold itself responsible for the return

of advertisements or for the return

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No person will be held to this rule with

regard to either letters or notices. For

will the editor enter into correspondence con-

cerning unsuitable manuscripts.

THE EVENING WORLD'S

Net paid bona fide actual daily

Average Circulation

is greater than the combined cir-

culation of the

Evening Sun,
Mail and Express,
Evening Post,
Commercial Advertiser,
Evening Telegram.

There are no sick-bed bulletins for the

nation to read today.

Rapid transit is still being discussed,

whereas it should be getting under way.

New York's first subway is to be a la

GILROY. Mr. HUNTER and his Annexed

District Boulevard must wait.

A kind lady promises to establish sing-

ing societies in the police stations. It is

feared there will be a full chorus of ob-

jections.

The stage will not suffer because, after

all, Mr. JAMES DUNLAP is not to reproduce

in melodrama the incidents of the North-

ampton bank robbery.

Uncle Sam is quite suddenly, though

not at all unexpectedly, invited to swallow

the Sandwich Islands. They will

make a good deal of a lunch, and not a

cold one, either.

Typhus was not stamped out, and it is

increasing. But the circumstances do

not call for a general scare. Capable

hands are still contending with the forces

that aid the disease.

That Birmingham Anarchist who pro-

tested against the unequal distribution of

wealth by looting the show window of a

the Department, and a rational and

healthful way is found by which to dis-

pose of the city's refuse.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

A life remarkable for its brilliant tri-

umphs and bitter disappointments

came to a close yesterday, when James G.

BLAINE gave up the brave struggle he had

so long maintained against death, and

finally passed away from earth. The re-

sults of his career, almost

hourly, for so many weeks that the an-

ouncement was nowhere received with

surprise, yet it caused very sincere and

widespread sorrow when it did come.

It would be superfluous to review Mr.

BLAINE's life, his character, and his pub-

lic services. They are written in the his-

tory of his country for the last thirty

years. During that period he has been

one of the best known and most popular

of American statesmen. His ability, his

patience, his devotion to everything

American were recognized by the public.

His broad humanity, his generosity, his

bravery, his tolerance and the unswerving

character of his friendship especially en-

dured him to all who knew him.

Mr. BLAINE was not a great statesman.

He did not live in the days of great states-

men. But he was brilliant and shrewd,

and was almost always to be found in his

political position on the side of humanity

and peace. He did not fear at times

antagonizing his own party. Thus, at the

close of the war he stood in opposition

to free bias, and one of his latest public

acts was the condemnation of the McKin-

ley policy.

No public man in the United States of

his day had a greater number of personal

admirers than Mr. BLAINE could boast of.

No one more devoted or en-

thusiastic friends. He was the idol of a

majority of the political party to which

his principles attached him, and his

honesty and truthfulness were known to

all. He was a different political faith. How

was it, then, that the great ambition of his

life was doomed to defeat and that his

career closed in bitter disappointment?

It is a thankless task to utter a word

against a public man so thoroughly

human and lovable as the deceased states-

man. But it is unquestionably true that

Mr. BLAINE in a portion of his career had

displayed somewhat lax political prin-

ciples, and it is not unpleasant to believe

that controlling number of the Ameri-

can people, however much they have ad-

mired his statesmanship, have de-

clined in their hearts a determination to

keep the Presidential office on the highest

plane of political morality.

Must it not be conceded that Mr.

BLAINE's political methods were not such

as plain, honest American people could

approve and endorse? Thus, while the

great statesman, towering head and

shoulders above his contemporaries, was re-

spected for his ability, admired for his

brilliantly, and beloved for his kindness,

ical error was only a question of time.

Four years ago he was laughed at as a

"rainbow chaser." Confident in his be-

lief he kept up the chase until last No-

vember, when he caught the rainbow and

traced it as a chapter on the brows of the

Democracy of the nation. No one laughs

at him now.

Truly, as we have said, the Lakewood

plot seems to be well fitted for Cabinet

making.

NOT FOR POLITICS.

A despatch from San Antonio, Texas,

says that FREDERICO GONZALEZ, who com-

manded the Mexican revolutionists in

their recent attack on the army garrison

at San Antonio, is in jail at San Antonio,

and that the Mexican Government will

make an application for his extradition.

It is added that the United States will

be asked to surrender GONZALEZ and his son-

in-law, FRANCISCO BISANOVES, both of

whom the Mexican authorities are anx-

ious to shoot.

If GONZALEZ and his son-in-law do not

leave before they are summoned to Mex-

ico by our Government for a political

offense their lives may be considered a

tolerably safe investment for an insurance

company. Indeed, if we should go into

the business of extraditing fugitive Mex-

icans every time there is a revolutionary

movement on the other side of the Rio

Grande, the time of our United States

Commissioners and Marshals along the

border would be pretty well occupied.

The San Antonio despatch says that the

two revolutionists "will be made an ex-

ample of it" if they are extradited. Yes,

but that "if."

SONGS FOR THE POLICE'S PETS.

A well-meaning lady of this city, whose

intentions are directed to the wrong

address, has written to the Police Com-

missioners for permission to hold singing

services in the police stations. The lady

is some distance in the rear of the calendar

with her suggestion.

There are plenty of sounds of song in

the police stations of this city, but they

do not catch the passing breeze until the

gentle humanitarian who innocently sup-

poses that the houses are songless is

snuggled up in her warm bed at home.

And the songs are up to date, too, and

have no double brake on their hind

wheels.

If the lady could drop into the Thirtieth

street station about after 12 o'clock she

would hear a throat-throated Ten-

dermion tearing the heart-strings out of

"The Broken Home" in a way that

would make PATTI shed tears, or an ar-

tistically juggled truck-driver informing

the world at large that he was "The man

that wrote Tarara Boom-de-ay," in a

manner so full of melody and sincerity

that she could not help being convinced

that he was telling the truth.

Sometimes there is a good deal more

song to the cable yard of atmosphere in

a police station than even the brave and

"MY OFFICIAL WIFE."

"When I look into your eyes I almost for-

get my duty," says the jewel-bedecked

Heine in "My Official Wife," at the Standard

Theatre, to Sacha Weitzel, whom she calls

Sosher. You cannot blame her; positively,

you cannot. Sosher is quite enough to make

any woman's heart flutter, but she does

merely look into his eyes to accomplish that

result. She can gaze at his dress suit, the

coat of which is sufficiently quaint and

erotic to justify attention; she can marvel at

his walk; she can gaze at his smile, and

she can put in a few leisure moments re-

veling in his intonation. Sosher is a great

Major, and Frank W. Sanger, astute man-

ager, discovered him.

Sosher is played by Mr. Robert L. Cutting,

junior—exceedingly junior. He is, I believe,

what the Chicago chronicler would call a

"social favorite," and for that reason Frank

W. Sanger, astute manager, put him on the

stage to see if he could not give a bad com-

pany in a stupid play. The astute manager

was not wrong in his reasoning. Sosher is

an intense joy, and I venture to say that no-

body will regret an evening spent at his ex-

pendence. The audience last night simply

wild over him, and tittered whenever he

was on the stage. I heard one dame who

was giving the performance all evening

say in tones of suppressed, yet incoherent

ecstasy, "Is that what she married?" It

was rude of her, of course, but Sosher is

public property now.

When Sosher says to her at the ball, "Our

dance, I believe," he looks most affection-

ately at the diamond star in her hair and

rub his hand demonstratively over her satin

back, just as children fondle the softness of

teasels. The opiate that Arthur Blairidge

long has put into her veins begins to

work, and Sosher becomes aware of this. "You

are ill?" he queries, with champagne gaiety.

When she fails to the ground he walks anx-

iously, and tells the audience, as though it

was a devilish good joke, outersknow.

"She is ill!" Sosher's walk is a lan-

guage. You remember how the ladies used

to walk when their dresses were tied tightly

back? Well, if you remember that, you see

Sosher before you.

Parson all this devotion to Robert L. Cut-

ting is exceedingly ludicrous. In the

tragic spot in a performance that very rarely

equals the recent presentation of "Decep-

tion." Manager Sanger, when he goes to the

Standard Theatre, should blush with shame.

Such an organization has rarely been seen in

New York. With the exception of Blanche

Seigman, who is a splendid actress all

around, there is not a man or woman in the

company that can be taken seriously. Wil-

liam F. Owen, who has in heretofore good

work, is a thoroughly good actor, but he

is a comedian, and his comedy is of the

order of a hotel's lobby to deliver a

message in a hurry. Count Barker and

Paton are also unhappy.

Miss Seigman is so covered with jewelry

that you can see very little of her. In the

second act, at the Hotel de l'Europe, the

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